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THE CHILDREN'S PAPER

MARCH 1925

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD.

The Wreck

BY PHILLIPPA FRANCKLYN

"LET'S go for a sail," said Jessie Maxwell, one morning at breakfast. "It is just the loveliest day; it is mid-term holiday, and Jack and I have nothing to do. We want a picnic; the sea is like glass."

Her father looked up from the letter he was reading. "I'm going out in my motor-boat fishing in the outer harbour. If you're after birds' eggs and shells, I'll land you in Frenchman's Bay, and when I return in the evening I'll take you off again. If you are tired you can signal to some passing fishermen at the mouth of the harbour, and they will take you off and land you safely on this side."

"Oh, how glorious!" cried Jessie. "We'll take our lunch, and we can picnic; I'm sure we won't get tired. Old Butcher says that a wreck, all covered with seaweed and shells, was washed up in the last gale. It's ever such an old wreck."

"Well, Old Butcher seems to have spun a good yarn. Still, these old wrecks do wash up every now and then. The old oak timbers seem to stand a lot of immersion in the sea without falling to pieces. Now you'll be careful not to get into any danger."

"I'll be very, very careful, and Jack will be just as good as gold. I'll run and ask mother to let me have some things for our picnic. Jack! Jack!" she called, as she darted out into the veranda and round towards the kitchen.

An hour later the motor-boat chugged across the inner harbour and landed the children at the far end, and while it turned aside and passed out of the harbour, Jessie and Jack scampered across the sandhills that formed the southern side of the harbour and came out on the wide sloping beach of Frenchman's Bay. The waves were breaking in great rollers, sweeping up the beach in long lines of white foam, while farther along great rocks jutted out, across the flat tops of which waddled many penguins.

"Jack! Jack!" cried Jessie, "just look at the penguins. Aren't they funny? And the huge crabs on that rock. I wish we could get some."

"No good wishing," replied Jack; "the rocks are too far out for us to reach. But come along, there's

the wreck. It's been thrown right to the edge of the sea. It's deep in the sand, and the waves are almost breaking against it. It must have taken a big gale to throw it up there. Let's look at it before we go nest hunting."

"Right-o," said Jessie, and the children trudged across the beach for some distance. Then hiding their lunch in the branches of a low eucalyptus tree, they ran down to the wreck.

It stood half buried in the sand that had been thrown around it by the waves that broke almost upon it, the foam swirling about it, yet even then the sides were too tall for the children to climb up. It had been a three-masted barque, but nothing remained of the masts, only the seaweed-covered hull being left.

"I'd love to see what is on top of it," said Jessie longingly. "Can't we climb up any way?"

"We might try later on, when the surf does not swirl so deeply around it. The tide is at its highest now. Father said it was full in. Let's get our lunch first and do some nest hunting."

Jessie looked very longingly at the wreck, but as the surf was too deep and strong for her to go really close to it, she followed Jack very reluctantly up to the top of the beach. They lit a fire and boiled their "billy," then found a black duck's nest among some reeds, but as the eggs were very hard set they did not take any. Then they wandered along the high-water mark seeking shells and the flotsam and jetsam that had been thrown up by the great rollers that came sweeping from the Antarctic Ocean.

"Here's a find," cried Jessie. "A boat-hook and a long piece of rope; it's ever so good and strong."

"I've another piece," yelled Jack. "We'll make a ladder. I'll chop some gum branches, and you can knot them into the rope. Here's an old wooden case that'll give us a leg up."

The case was rolled over and over until they reached the side of the wreck, from which the long lines of surf had receded, and was placed in position; then Jessie knotted the rope at even distances apart, and, as Jack cut the gum branches, these were slipped into the knots, and then the rope was wetted to keep it from slipping. The result was quite a serviceable little rope ladder, and when this was carried to the wreck they found that when it was secured to the hook of the boat-hook it was possible to slip it over the gunwale of the wreck. Jack tested it to find if it was firm, and then

he slowly mounted up until he was sitting on the edge of the gunwale and looking down upon the deck.

"The hatches are off, and the deck's all covered with seaweed," he announced. "You can't see a square inch of deck for the brown stalks and leaves. Come along, Jessie, I've got tight hold of the ladder."

Jessie climbed up beside her brother and looked down upon the deck. "Do you think it would be strong enough to hold us?" she asked.

"Of course," rejoined Jack. "This old bulwark is quite strong—see," and he slashed away the seaweeds that were growing over it and showed the strong timbers underneath. "It's quite sound, and just as strong as ever it was. Besides, look at the hatches. The holds are full of water, and the hull must be sound or that would drain away. I'm going to jump down."

"I don't like the look of it; you might go through," objected Jessie. "Hold on to the ladder."

"As if that would be any use," laughed Jack, jumping down upon the weed-covered deck; and missing his footing on the slippery weed, he slid right to the edge of one of the hatches.

Jessie gave a cry of alarm, but Jack sat up and rubbed his knees. "That was a bump," he remarked; "this wretched weed is as slippery as glass. Take care when you come down; but you'd better use the ladder."

Jessie drew the ladder over the side, and tied the end firmly to the bulwark, then, holding the boat-hook in her hands to steady her, she stepped down on to the deck.

"I say," cried Jack, "there's something in this hold! I'm sure I saw a brown snaky thing moving among the weed."

"It's only a big sea eel," laughed Jessie, dipping the end of the boat-hook into the hold, and stirring it around among the tops of the floating seaweed. "I can't see anything," she said. "Yes, I can! Jack! Jack! look down there!"



"Back! back!" shrieked Jack. "It's a devil-fish (octopus)—a big one! Take care." As he yelled to his sister, a long snake-like tentacle leapt up from the depths of the hold, and before Jessie could move away it had gripped hold of her bare foot, and the force of the blow sent her spinning downwards upon the slippery deck.

"Hold on tight!" yelled Jack, as he darted forward, and thrust the end of the ladder into Jessie's hands. At the same time he slashed at the tentacle with his tomahawk, severing it. It seemed as if the blow had been the signal to the whole company of

creatures that lived in the depth of the hold, for instantly the deck around the hold seemed alive with many stretching red-brown snaky tentacles that writhed in every direction, while baggy-looking heads and huge staring eyes glared as the creatures swam to and fro on the surface of the water.

Jack slashed away, severing the tentacles that reached in his direction, all the time trying to get away from the vicinity of the hold, but always kept back as either he or Jessie was seized by the tentacles. Jessie sat hammering with the boat-hook at all that came within her reach, but several times her legs were gripped by the monsters, and Jack had all his work cut out to slash them free. Just as

he thought they had conquered and could get away, and had made a sudden dash for the ladder, he heard a frantic cry from Jessie.

"Jack! Jack! save me! I'm being dragged over." Jack did not pause for a minute; he slid down the bulwarks, falling with a thud on the slippery, weed-covered deck, and ran towards Jessie, who was fighting to release herself from two huge tentacles that had gripped her by one arm, while another tentacle was slowly twining itself around her waist. A great head, with its horrid eyes, showed plainly above the masses of floating seaweed.

"Hold on to the edge of the hatch," yelled Jack, making a wild slash at the tentacle that strained over the edge. One was severed, but the others still retained their hold, and now they had dragged Jessie right up to the edge of the hold and Jack could not cut the snaky tentacles without injuring Jessie. Dropping his tomahawk, he picked up the boat-hook and brought it down with a crash upon the devil-fish's head. It was a crashing blow, but it did not seem to do the devil-fish any injury, for it still tightened its hold upon Jessie, and slowly dragged her closer to the water.

"I can't hold out any longer," she sobbed, and Jack throwing down the boat-hook, caught her around the shoulders and hung on like grim death. It was a life and death struggle, and in spite of Jack's bracing his feet against the wooden edge of the hold, Jessie was being dragged slowly nearer and nearer, until her legs and half her body hung over the edge.

"Hold on to me!" yelled Jack. "See, I'm going to lean over and stab the devil-fish's head."

"You can't!" screamed Jessie, clutching him wildly. But Jack knew what he was doing. He dragged the ladder closer, and flinging the end over the edge of the hold, he gripped it with one hand, and holding his big knife ready, he slowly swung himself over the hold and down towards the surface of the water.

He stabbed downwards, hitting the big head a violent blow; but it was useless, and the great tentacles shot upwards and gripped him closely. He clung desperately to the ladder, and contrived to throw an arm around Jessie as well.

The strain was tremendous, but somewhat eased by the fact that the great tentacles had twined themselves around the ladder, and were actually trying to drag away the bulwark to which it was attached as well as the children.

"We can't hold out much longer," cried Jessie. "Will they eat us? What's that?" she screamed.

"The bulwark's breaking," cried Jack. "I think we're going now!"

Jessie screamed loudly, but Jack set his lips firmly. There was an awful rending and grinding of breaking timbers. They were drawn suddenly down until they were hanging half into the water, only kept up by their grip upon the ladder. Suddenly the tentacles loosed their hold, there was a violent crash, and the water seemed to slip away.

The girl sobbed with relief as she clung to the sides of the bulwark. "I never want to see another devil-fish again. Never, as long as I live—and my legs and feet feel as if they had been burnt with red-hot coals."

"So do mine," replied Jack as he adjusted the ladder, and they slowly climbed down on to the sands. "But what an adventure, Jessie!"



SMILES

*"The happy smiles of the young
are the sunshine of the old"*



EXCUSES for absence often contain gleams of humour. One boy, whose household included "the lady upstairs," had to stay at home while his mother was out to "mind the coal."

Sent in by CHRISTINA M. MCINNES,
2 Park Terrace, Foyers, Inverness.

✦ ✦ ✦

LITTLE Willie, aged two, was travelling for the first time in a train. The train entered a tunnel, and little Willie exclaimed, "Oh, mummy, where is my eyes?"

Sent in by SHEILA PARK,
79 Dean Road, Bo'ness, Scotland.

✦ ✦ ✦

A SOUTH LONDON school teacher asked his class to name the twelve greatest men in the world. One boy wrote:

The Surrey cricket team . . . 11

Charlie Chaplin . . . 1

—
12

Sent in by HONOR FORTUNE,
119 Replingham Road, Southfields, S.W.18.

✦ ✦ ✦

THE absent-minded professor had just retired to his study after dinner, and was writing busily, when the door burst open and in rushed his youngest daughter.

"Hello, daddy," she cried, "I've just come to say good-night."

"Oh, yes," murmured the professor absently, "suppose you wait until to-morrow morning, my dear, I'm so busy now."

Sent in by KATHLEEN WATKINS,
137 Elsenham Street, Southfields.

✦ ✦ ✦

"WHAT does the busy bee teach us?" asked the teacher.

"To keep away from the hive," said the bright boy.

Sent in by GLADYS MARCHANT,
1 Albany Terrace, Albany Road, Gillingham, Kent.

✦ ✦ ✦

LITTLE Jean had just finished her first week at school, and her father was questioning her to see what she had learned.

"Well, Jean," he said, "as you have been learning the alphabet this week, perhaps you can tell me what comes after A?"

Jean thought for a moment, and then answered:

"Yes, daddy, all the rest of the letters."

Sent in by MARJORIE KAIL,
Christ Church Girls' School, Worthing.

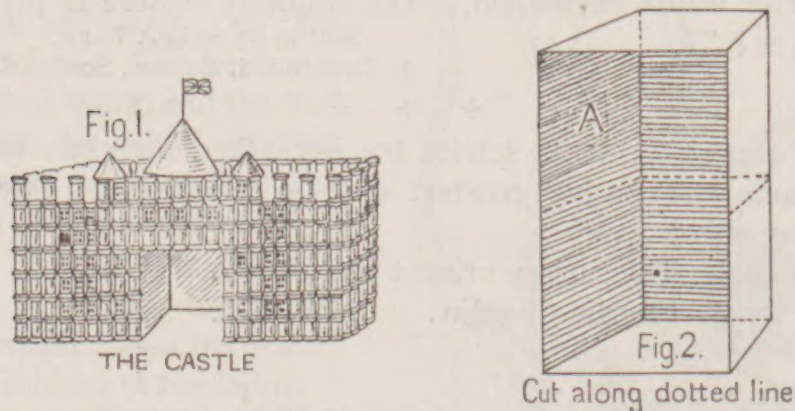
Toys made from Scraps

PART VI.—REELS

BY WINIFRED HAMMOND

WHEN you read about the toys that I am going to describe to you this month, you will understand the reason for my telling you, a month ago, to collect every reel that you could find—whether used for cotton, thread, silk, or fine wire.

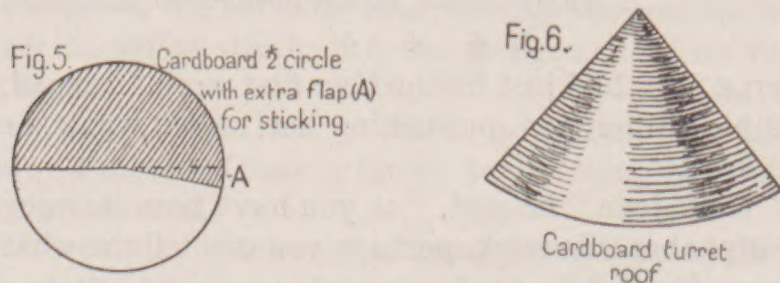
Look at Fig. 1, boys; what lots of reels you will need for that alone! First take an ordinary boot box and cut it in half (Fig. 2). The part marked A will form the outline of the courtyard of this castle.



Having marked some of the reels with "windows" (Fig. 3), proceed to build the castle, adapting it according to the number of reels you are lucky enough to have collected, remembering that the top row must have gaps so as to appear "battlemented," as grown-ups call it (Fig. 4).

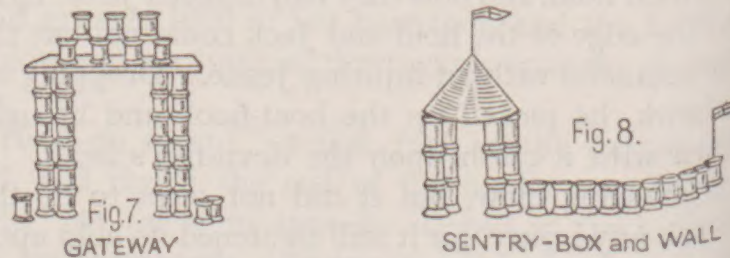


Build up a central tower and two side turrets of reels, and cap them with roofs made of cardboard half circles (Figs. 5 and 6).



From the top of the large central tower a paper flag, on which you have painted the Union Jack, can float from a long pin. Place ordinary tin soldiers on guard.

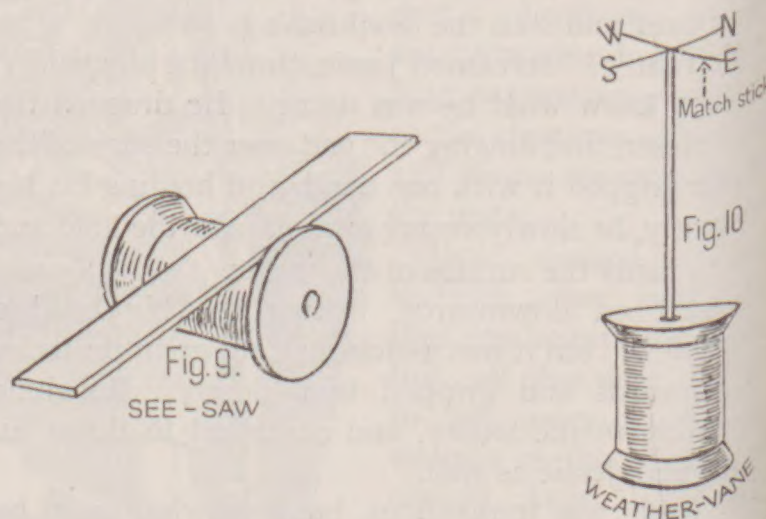
Should you not have enough reels for such a big model as this, thirty-three will make a castle gateway, with the help of a piece of cardboard (Fig. 7). Or



twenty-two will make a sentry box and wall, if a cardboard turret made as in Figs. 5 and 6 be glued to the top (Fig. 8).

But now it is the girls' turn, isn't it? For a see-saw in the doll's-house garden, a slip of cardboard about six inches long will be needed, as well as the reel (Fig. 9).

A weather-vane, too, will be rather unusual (Fig. 10).



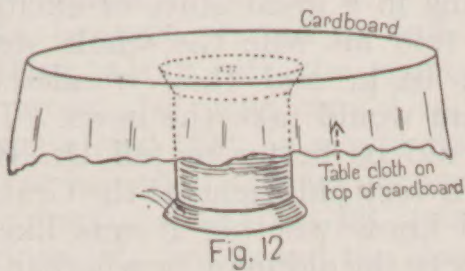
Cut out the letters N, S, E, and W from paper, and stick them to the ends of two crossed match sticks, which are firmly secured with fine wire. Stick a pin through the wire to attach the vane to a stick about eight inches long, stuck in a reel.



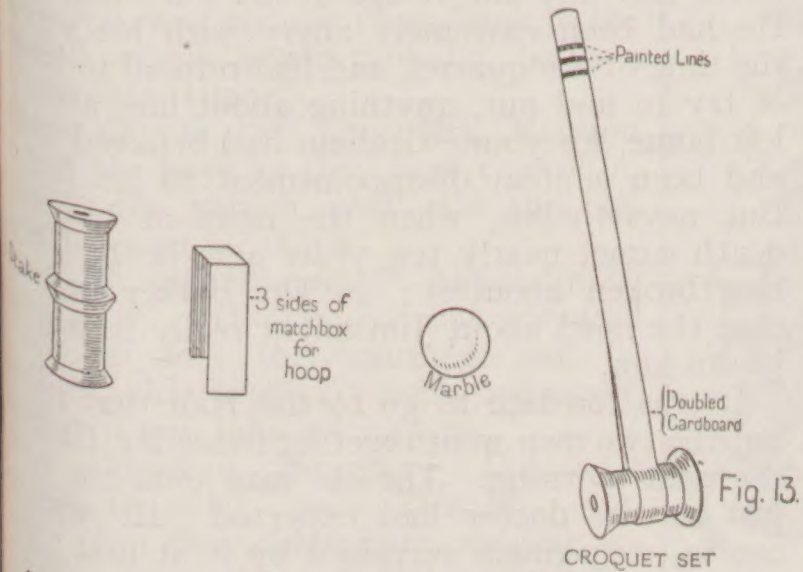
A couple of reels will make good supports for clothes-post "twigs," to which thick cotton has been tied for a line. Cut the little garments out of double tissue paper, and place over the line (Fig. 11).

A doll's-house table is quickly made by gluing a square, oblong, round, or oval piece of cardboard to

the top of a reel, and then covering it with a little tablecloth (Fig. 12). Should one reel make too low a table for the "inhabitants," stick two reels together.



Reels, too, are useful in making a set of table croquet (Fig. 13). For the mallet cut strips of cardboard eighteen inches long (double as long as the handle is to be), and bend it round a small reel.



Stick the doubled cardboard handle together with glue, and paint stripes (differing in every mallet) on each, the same colour as the balls (marbles). The stakes are made from two reels glued together, and the hoops from match-boxes from which the bottoms and one side have been taken.

✦ ✦ ✦

Schoolmaster. "Now, what is the meaning of the word excavate?"

Tommy. "It means to hollow out."

Master. "Quite right. Now, make a sentence using that word."

Tommy. "Stick a pin in a boy and he will excavate."

Motto for March

Efforts are always a success. It is a greater thing to try without succeeding than to succeed without trying.

BISHOP WALSHAM HOW.

Sent in by ENID DAVIES,
Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.

MOTHER GOOSE DOT PUZZLE

I HAD A
LITTLE HUSBAND
NO BIGGER THAN
MY THUMB



Beginning at the small dot at figure 1 draw a line to the small dot at figure 2, and from there to figure 3, and so on. You will then see what you will see.

✦ ✦ ✦

Keeper. "Didn't you see that notice over there: 'No fishin' here'?"

Boy. "Yes, guv'nor, but it's wrong. I've caught a dozen already."

The Secret Brotherhood

CHAPTER III—continued

THESE mysterious remarks at once aroused Mr. Marston's curiosity, and after Strange had been promised a suitable reward if his information turned out to be worth anything, the man was induced to tell his story.

"When I married my wife, she was a widder, with this boy Jim, a little fellow of three or four. She told me that 'is father 'ad been a real gentleman, but 'e'd quarrelled with 'is folks when 'e was a young feller at college, and run away from 'ome. Then 'e met this girl, who was a maid in a little country inn where 'e stayed, and 'e got a job as a clerk somewhere, and this kid was born. But soon after that 'e was killed in a railway accident, and the girl went back to 'er own 'ome with the baby, till I come along and married 'er. But she'd got all the papers to show who 'er first man was, and 'er marriage papers and that, though she didn't like to go to 'is family, because she knew they'd quarrelled, you see, and she was 'appy enough as she was."

"Have you got those papers?" asked Mr. Marston. But Strange took no notice of the interruption, and went on with his story.

"It was all right as long as she lived. I was in a good job, and we 'ad a nice little 'ome in Peckham, and we never worried about the kid's family. But about three years ago, she got bad and died, and I lost my job, and couldn't get another. So me and the boy went on the tramp, and I sold up what was left of the furniture and things. I kept the papers, but I found the boy was useful to me, and I couldn't get to see 'is people anyhow, because they lived too far off, so I did nothing for a time. Then a few months back I got a job on the railway that brought me up 'ere, and I began to think about them papers again, because the family was somewhere in these parts, and I've been trying to find out whether I could get anything out of 'em."

The Rector had listened with great interest to this story, but at this stage the man began to hesitate again about giving away his secret. After a good deal of persuasion, however, he produced the precious documents, and the Rector's amazement was great when he found that Jim's own father was the son of old Mr. Graham of Thorley Hall. He knew that there had been a son who had died some years ago, but he had heard very little about that son's story. He doubted whether any one in Thorley knew that young Graham had been married, for he thought if people had known he would probably have heard of it. But Strange's papers proved without

much doubt that the main facts of his story were true.

So the Rector came home to Little Thorley that evening in a great state of excitement. Of course he told his wife the whole story as soon as he got back, and they wondered how old Mr. Graham would take the news. They agreed that it would be better to tell Dr. Barker first, for he was a very old friend of the Graham family, and would know whether it was likely to be a great shock to the old man, or whether he had any idea of the existence of this unknown grandson.

The Marstons asked Dr. Barker to come up and see them the same evening, and he was able to tell them that Mr. Graham had certainly never had any knowledge of his son's marriage. He had been extremely angry with his son at the time of the quarrel, and had refused to know, or try to find out, anything about him after he left home, for young Graham had behaved badly and been a great disappointment to his father. But nevertheless, when the news of his son's death came, nearly ten years ago, he had been heartbroken about it; so Dr. Barker believed that the news about Jim might really be a great joy to him.

It was too late to go to the Hall that night, but the two men went together to see Mr. Graham the next morning. The old man took the news just as the doctor had expected. He was, of course, very much surprised by it at first; but when he was convinced that the papers Mr. Marston showed him were really genuine, he was very eager to know all they could tell him about the child. He had already been told, of course, about his nephew's accident; but he said he little thought then that the other sufferer was an even nearer relation to him than Graham Carlton was.

"Dear, dear," went on the old man, "I'm so startled by it all that it's difficult to think clearly. But this news will make a great difference to my nephew. For the last ten years he has been my heir, but now my little grandson will have to take his place."

"It will be time enough to think about all that later on," said the Rector, seeing that Mr. Graham looked very feeble and tired. But the latter seemed anxious to discuss everything fully at once.

"Graham will always have a home here as long as I live," he said, "and I hope he will agree to come and settle down here as we had arranged. But perhaps he may prefer to go and study some profession for himself, now that his prospects are so changed. For the child's sake I should like him to stop, for I would sooner have my grandson brought up by Graham than by any other man I know. The child has had

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such a curious life that he will need very careful training. But I am forgetting, Mr. Marston, that you have not yet met my nephew, and do not know what a fine lad he is."

Old Mr. Graham seemed to find it difficult to stop talking about all the changes that the Rector's wonderful news would cause; but the doctor was afraid that he would tire himself too much, so at last the two men declared that they must go, and left his sister, Mrs. Carlton, who had heard the news, to look after him. It was agreed that both Graham and Jim should be kept in ignorance of the facts for the present, as Mr. Graham was anxious to tell his nephew himself, as soon as he was well enough to go back to the Hall, which would probably be in a few days' time.

A day or two later Mrs. Marston met the boys as they were coming in from the garden, and said she had some news for them.

"Oh, what, Mummy? About Jim?"

"Yes. The surgeon has operated on his foot this morning, and he thinks that it will get quite well again, only it will take a long time."

"Operated, Mummy? Didn't it hurt awfully?" asked Donald.

"Jim had chloroform, darling, so that he could not feel anything—something like when you had gas at the dentist's to have that bad tooth out, you know."

"I see. But it must have hurt afterwards."

"Yes. I'm afraid poor Jim has had a great deal of pain; but he has been very brave: and now he knows it is going to get all right again, he doesn't mind it so much."

"How soon will he be able to walk?" asked Brian.

"Not for a long time, I expect. Probably he will have to use crutches for a bit before he is able to walk quite well again."

"Will it be months and months, do you mean, Mummy?"

"Yes, Don; I'm afraid it may be."

But there is still some more news that you haven't heard yet," she added, seeing that the boys looked rather unhappy.

"Oh, do tell us quick, then, 'cos the other wasn't all good, was it?"

"But this is. It is that Mr. Carlton is coming home to the Hall this afternoon, and he wants you both to go to tea with him to-morrow."

"Oh, how jolly! Why can't we go to-day?"

"You young people are never satisfied," said Mrs. Marston, laughing. "But I expect Mr. Graham and Mrs. Carlton will want to keep him to themselves to-day." She wondered what the boys would think if they could know what Mr. Graham had to tell his nephew; but, of course,



they could not be told before the chief people concerned had heard of it.

"I want to go to tea too," broke in Ursula, suddenly. She had come up in time to hear the invitation, and she loved tea-parties.

"I'm afraid you can't go this time, dear. This party is going to be only for gentlemen—except Mrs. Carlton, I suppose, as she lives there."

Perhaps you and I and Anne will have a ladies' tea-party here instead."

"And we won't have any gentlemen to our party, will we? Becept, perhaps, Daddy, 'cos he lives here. And will we have chocolate cakes?"

"Oh, the guests must not ask those questions, you greedy little puss! Look, there's Anne ringing the tea bell."

"Yes. I came to tell you it was ready, and I shouldn't be *susprised*, boys," said Ursula wisely, "if cook had made us a cake."

"Oh, Ursie, what makes you think so?"

"'Cos I saw her doing it this morning," replied the small girl promptly.

"Well, that's not a surprise for you then," said Don; "but it's a jolly nice one all the same. Come on, Brian, I'll race you to the nursery."

"I sit next the window," shouted Brian, and off they ran, Ursie following behind.

CHAPTER IV

THE FOUNDING OF THE BROTHERHOOD

AT the same time, as Mrs. Marston had guessed, Mr. Graham was telling his nephew of the Rector's extraordinary discovery.

"I can't pretend not to be glad," he said, when he had explained the facts, "to have something of my own Jim left after all. But I am very sorry for you, my boy, because, of course, this must make a great difference to you. This child is my heir, and it would not be possible to divide the property. We shall have to think what is best to be done about it."

There was a short pause, while Graham tried to realize all that his uncle's words meant to him. He had been looked upon as the heir to Thorley Hall for so long that it was difficult to believe that he would now have to give up that position. It certainly was a great blow to him; but after a minute or two he pulled himself together, and said bravely,—

"Oh, never mind about me, Uncle Jim. I shall get along all right somehow. I'm jolly glad for your sake and the boy's. He is such a splendid little chap! You should have seen his pluck all the time his foot was so bad. The nurse said she'd never seen a child of his age (he's only just eleven, you know) stand such pain as he had while it was being dressed, and never make a fuss about it at all. I suppose it comes from his having had such a rough time of it always—or, at least, since his mother died. But, anyhow, there must be good stuff in him. So if you mean to have him here, as I suppose you do, and get a decent tutor to lick him into shape, I think you'll soon be proud of him."

The old man took off his spectacles and wiped them before he answered. Then he said,—

"Graham, boy, I don't want any tutor about the place, and it will be a long time before I am as proud of that child as I am of you—don't interrupt me, please!" (for Graham had begun to protest). "I really don't know—perhaps I am only making it harder for you, and asking more than I have any right to ask; but if so, I can't help it. I am an old man now, and I don't want a lot of strangers about me. I want you, boy. Will you stay here as you were going to do, and, as you say, lick my grandson into shape for me? And there's the property too. Some one must look after it, though I ought not to expect you to spend the best part of your life taking care of it now, when you would have to hand it over to this boy at last."

"Of course I'll stay, if you want me, Uncle Jim," exclaimed Graham, as soon as his uncle paused. "You've done so much for me already. And—and—of course, it is a bit of a shock at first. But it's jolly fine news really, and I know you'll be as pleased as I am with my little cousin Jim."

"I don't want you to decide in a hurry," said his uncle. "It might be better for you to study some profession, instead of binding yourself down here to look after an old man and a child."

"I shan't take long to make up my mind," answered Graham. "After all, there's some good come of my rotten carelessness, for I don't suppose we should ever have found out all this if it hadn't been for the accident. I owe Jim something to make up for that, anyway."

"Well, you must think it over, my boy. Would you like to explain it to him? He knows you by this time, and he might be shy of me."

Graham thought he would; and when this was settled, his uncle went on,—

"By the way, you were saying just now that you had been the cause of the accident. I understood that it was those charming little rascals of the Rector's who were at the bottom of it."

"Perhaps it was, partly, but it certainly wasn't altogether their fault. They startled the horse, but I ought to have been driving more carefully. What jolly little monkeys they are! Especially that young imp Donald. It must make a great difference to the neighbourhood having such a nice family at the Rectory, instead of that dull old fellow who used to be there."

After that, they went on talking about other things; but in the end it was definitely agreed that Graham and his mother would stay on at the Hall, and that Jim should be brought there as soon as he could be moved. Graham undertook to explain to him who he really was, and to prepare him for taking his proper place in his own home.

(To be continued.)

STORIES for YOUNGER READERS



The Naughty Smoke Fairies

ONCE upon a time a crowd of tiny little smoke fairies escaped from a bonfire. No one saw them go, and they took good care not to be seen as they slipped away into the open fields.

"Hurrah!" said one, turning head over heels; "now we're free of that nasty old fire!"

"Yes, and we've got no work to do," shouted another, swinging on a big daisy, and leaving little black marks on its white petals. They were dreadfully black little fairies, as black as soot, for, of course, they had lived in smoke all their lives, because their duty was to take the horrid black smoke away from where children breathe, right up into the air among the clouds.

"Let's have some fun, and be really naughty," said a third little fairy; "I'm so tired of always being good and doing my work properly."

"Yes, let's!" said all the others.

Presently the smoke fairies came to a large ring where toadstools grew. There they found fairy carpenters busy at work putting the toadstools in a ring so that the fairies might dance inside, and sit on the toadstools for supper.

"Oh, just look!" whispered one of the smoke fairies, pointing to an oak tree. The others looked. The oak tree had, at the bottom by the roots, a little door leading into a cupboard. In this cupboard were stored all the lovely things for the party, cakes and sweets, jellies and honey-dew drinks.

"Do you think we might come to the party?" the smoke fairies asked the carpenters.

"Not if you haven't been invited," answered the busy workers.

"We haven't been asked," said a smoke fairy sadly.

"You are very naughty to be here then," said a carpenter severely. "If you haven't got a holiday for the party, then you should be at work."

"Oh, bother!" cried the smoke fairies crossly; "we *shan't* go back to work, and we'll be as naughty as we can, so there!"



"Well, good-bye," said the carpenters, flying off. "We're going to get ready for the party."

The smoke fairies sat down and frowned. "Let's do something very, *very* bad," said one. "It's not fair that we haven't been asked."

"I know!" exclaimed a tiny little black fairy; "let's saw the toadstools half-way through, so that when the fairies sit on them to-night, they'll all break, and tumble them off!"

"Oh yes, what fun!" said the naughty little fairies. They picked up some of the saws that the carpenters had left, and soon had all the toadstools sawn half-way through.

"I'm so hungry," sighed the biggest fairy.

"Let's have a jelly out of the oak tree cupboard!" suggested another.

They all peeped into the cupboard, and chose something to eat. And what *do* you think—they were so dreadfully hungry that, in about ten minutes, they had eaten *every single thing* in that cupboard!

Then they all flew up into the trees, to watch the fairy dance. One by one all the fairy guests arrived, and presently the King and Queen arrived too. Then the dancing began, and merrily the little fairies stepped in the fairy ring.

When the signal was given for supper, the smoke fairies began to feel uncomfortable, for "Oh dear!" cried a little fairy, tumbling off a broken toadstool.

"Oh dear!" cried another.

"Oh dear!" cried a third.

One by one all the toadstools broke, and the astonished little fairies found themselves on the grass.

The King stood up, looking angry to think that such a trick had been played on the fairies.

Just then some little red fairies cried out, "Your Majesty! the cupboard is empty, and there is nothing to eat!"

"Who has done these naughty things?" thundered the King.

There was no answer, but the smoke fairies began to feel very afraid up in the tree.

"If you please," said a blue and white fairy, "I believe it's some smoke fairies who have escaped from their work."

"Oh, there they are, there they are!" shouted a yellow fairy, pointing up into the oak tree.

The smoke fairies, now thoroughly frightened, flew off as fast as they could, with all the others after them. They came to a field where there were a lot of red poppies. Very quickly each smoke fairy crept inside a poppy and closed the red petals round, and waited there hidden.

But alas! the King and Queen soon found them, and made them come out.

"Now, tell me why you have been so naughty," said the King.

"Please, your Majesty," said the biggest smoke fairy, "it's because we were tired of our work, and we wanted to come to the party, and couldn't."

"That is your own fault," said the King. "I sent you all an invitation, but my messenger found you had run away from your work, and so he couldn't give it to you."

The smoke fairies began to cry.

"Oh, we *are* so sorry we've been so silly," they sobbed, "and we've spoilt your party too! Please forgive us, and we'll go back to our work!"

"I'll forgive you," answered the King kindly; "and I will give you some other work to do if you are tired of carrying the smoke up into the air. You shall polish the black beetles for me every morning, and sleep in the poppies at night."

"Oh, thank you, thank you," cried the little smoke fairies, jumping back into their poppies.

"Good-bye," said the King, and back they all went to finish the dance.

So those little smoke fairies live in the poppies now, and if you look into the middle of one, perhaps you can guess why it is so *very* black, and why, when you touch it, black, sooty powder comes off on your fingers!

Saint George

(Concluded.)

"GOD forbid that I should act in so cowardly a manner," answered Saint George. "I will fight this hideous creature, and, by God's help and the strength of my good sword, I will conquer him and deliver thee."

And while he was still speaking, the air was filled with a horrible choking smoke, and the dragon came swiftly towards them, half-crawling and half-flying, his eyes gleaming, and his mouth opened wide to devour them.

With a swift prayer for help, Saint George made the sign of the cross, and grasping his great spear firmly, spurred his horse and rode straight at the monster. The combat was a long and terrible one, and the princess, as she watched from behind a sheltering tree, trembled for the safety of the brave knight, and gave up all for lost.

But at last Saint George made a swift forward rush, and drove his spear right down the great throat of the monster, and out at the back of his head, pinning him securely to the ground. Then he called to the princess to give him her girdle, and this he tied to each end of the spear, so that it seemed like a great bridle, and with it Cleodolinda led the vanquished dragon back towards the city.

Inside the city gates all the people had been weeping and wailing over the fate of the princess, which they feared might any day be their own, and they dared not look out or open the gates until the monster had had time to carry off his victim. So their terror and dismay was great indeed when the news spread like wildfire that some one had seen the great monster come crawling towards the town, instead of returning to his home in the dismal swamp.

They all crowded, trembling with fear, around the watch-tower upon the walls, to see if the dragon was really on his way to attack the city; and when they saw the great dark mass moving slowly towards them they thought that the end was come, for they could not see Saint George or the princess, and did not know that she was leading the dragon a vanquished prisoner.

So it was all in vain for a long time that Saint George thundered at the city gates, and demanded that they should be opened. Even when the people saw that the princess was safe and that a knight was with her, while the monster lay quiet at their feet as if half-dead, they still hesitated to open the gates, so great was their terror and astonishment.

But when they were quite sure that the dragon was bound and could do them no harm, they threw

open the gates, and every one crowded to see the wonderful sight, still half-doubting if it could be true, and looking with fear upon the great beast which the princess led by her girdle fastened to the spear of Saint George.

Then the king came in haste from his palace to meet his daughter, and never was a morning of sorrow turned into such a day of joy.

Saint George and the Princess Cleodolinda led the dragon into the market-place, followed by the wondering crowd; and there Saint George drew his sword and cut off the head of the hideous monster. Then were the people sure that they were indeed delivered from their great enemy for ever, and they burst forth into wild rejoicings. They would have given all they possessed to Saint George in their joy and gratitude; but he told them that the only reward he desired was that they should believe in the true God, and be baptized Christians. It was not difficult to believe in the God who had helped Saint George to do this great deed, and very soon the king and the princess and all the people were baptized as Saint George desired.

Then the king presented the brave knight with great treasures of gold and jewels, but all these Saint George gave to the poor and went his way; keeping nought for himself but his own good sword and spear, ready to defend the right and protect the weak as he had served the princess in her need.

But when he returned to his own city he found that the emperor had written a proclamation against the Christians, and it was put up in all the market-places and upon the doors of the temples, and all who were Christians were hiding in terror, and dared not show themselves openly.

Then Saint George was filled with righteous anger, and tore down the proclamations in all the public places, and trampled them under foot. He was seized immediately by the guards and carried before the proconsul, who ordered him to be put to death.

But nothing could shake the courage of this brave knight, and he met his death with such bravery that even his enemies were amazed.

And so through the many dark ages that followed, when the weak were oppressed and women needed a knight's strong arm to protect them, men remembered Saint George, and the very thought of him nerved their arms and made their courage firm. And boys learned from him that it was a knightly thing to protect the weak, and to guard all maidens from harm.

And of all nations it befits us most that our men and boys should be brave and courteous; for Saint George is our own patron saint, the model of all that an English knight should be.

Plays from History

THE COMING OF ST. AUGUSTINE

A Play by Connie Ranch (Aged 13)

CHARACTERS

POPE GREGORY; a MONK; a SLAVE DEALER; two English SLAVES; ETHELBERT, King of Kent; BERTHA, his Christian wife; ST. AUGUSTINE, a missionary; courtiers, slave dealers, etc.

SCENE I.—THE SLAVE-MARKET AT ROME

[Groups of slaves standing together, with slave dealers walking about before them. People walking to and fro. Two white slaves in the middle at the back.]

Enter POPE GREGORY and a MONK, talking together.

Pope Gregory. It is such a pity that there are so many heathens in the world.



THE AUTHORESS.

Monk. Yes, it is! I only wish that I could go and convert them all. See what a lot of missionaries there are who have gone out to try and make them Christians, and have been killed. If only the whole world could see the good of a peaceful Christian life, there would not be slaves as there are now.

Pope Greg. *[Pointing to the two slaves in the middle]* Who are those little white boys over there in the slave market?

Monk. Let us go and see.

[They walk together to the boys.]

Pope Greg. Who are you, and where do you come from?

[The boys do not understand; they shake their heads.]

Monk. They do not understand us; let us ask the slave dealer.

Pope Greg. Who are these boys, and where do they come from? We questioned them, but they shook their heads as if they did not understand.

Slave Dealer. *[Coming towards POPE GREGORY, and speaking to the children in their own tongue]* Who are you, and where do you come from?

Boys. We are Angles who have come from a land called Angleland.

Slave Dealer. *[Turning to POPE GREGORY]* They say they are from Angleland.

Pope Greg. And how did they manage to get here?

Slave Dealer. *[Turns to boys, again speaking their tongue]* How did you get here?

Boys. We were taken prisoners in a fight between two tribes, and so we were sold to some merchants as slaves.

Slave Dealer. *[To POPE GREGORY]* They say they were captured after a battle.

Pope Greg. They must be a fighting nation, and so they must be heathens.

Monk. *[To Slave Dealer]* Ask them how they worship.

Slave Dealer. What is the god you worship?

Boys. We worship Thor and Woden.

Pope Greg. *[Turning to the MONK]* Poor children! They are surely angels, and not Angles. They are so pretty, I think that I must buy them. I will send Augustine over to their land, and see what I can do for them.

Monk. It will be a great benefit if he can manage to make them understand that living a good Christian life is better than quarrelling and fighting.

[They go out together followed by the two boys, the people all turning to look after them.]

SCENE II.—THE COURT OF ETHELBERT

[ETHELBERT, with sword by his side, seated by BERTHA. Soldiers and ladies, dressed in the manner of the English, walking about. ETHELBERT and BERTHA are talking together.]

Ethelbert. Who is this strange man that I hear about who has landed, and is trying to teach a new faith?

Bertha. I, too, have heard a lot about him, and from what I can make out he must be a priest teaching about the Christ.

Ethel. Teaching about the Christ? Have we not enough gods now?

Ber. Yes, but these gods are nothing but wood and

stone; but if you will listen to this priest he will tell you about the true God of peace.

Ethel. [*Standing up*] Peace! Why, my men would laugh at him. We do not want peace; we are quite content with fighting. [*ETHELBERT turns away.*]

Ber. [*Standing up and going after him*] Will you give him permission to preach the true faith?

Ethel. [*Laughing*] He can certainly preach the true faith, as you call it, but I don't think he will get many to believe in him.

Ber. May I send a messenger to ask him to come here?

Ethel. [*Walking away*] You may do so.

Ber. [*Calling a messenger*] Go to the wandering priest, and tell him that the King Ethelbert wishes him to come to him and tell him about the faith which he is preaching.

[*Messenger runs out. BERTHA calls her ladies to her, and they go away together.*]

SCENE III.—THE CAMP OF ETHELBERT

[*ETHELBERT and BERTHA seated together in the middle. Soldiers and ladies seated, lying, or standing round the king and queen, talking among themselves. ST. AUGUSTINE comes in followed by monks carrying a cross. Everybody looks towards them.*]

St. Augustine. [*Coming forward with the cross*] I have come to Angleland by Pope Gregory's orders, whose wish it was that you should know about the Christian's faith and how Christ died for us. You content yourself with fighting, while you might be living in peace and happiness.

Ethel. We could not live without fighting.

St. Aug. You could live far better if you did not fight.

Ber. [*Turning to ETHELBERT*] Yes, that is true.

Noble. Whatever is that peculiar thing which you have there?

St. Aug. That is a cross like that on which the Saviour died.

Noble. A cross! I have never seen one of those before.

St. Aug. Yes, you have! Just look at your sword, which you do so much fighting with, and you will see that there is one on it which serves as a handle.

[*Noble looks at sword.*]

Noble. So there is! But this sword is not for peace.

St. Aug. [*Taking the sword*] You should never use it except you are fighting for what is right.

Ethel. [*Standing up and talking to his people*] I think there is something in this strange doctrine after all.

[*Walking to ST. AUGUSTINE*] I will allow you to stay here and tell us more about it, for I think that wor-

shipping one God is better than worshipping two or three gods, and that living in peace is better than always fighting.

Ber. It will be better for the women and children.

St. Aug. I thank you, lady!

[*BERTHA rises and walks to ST. AUGUSTINE, and kneels at his feet. He lays his hand on her head in blessing. Monks and people go together and talk to one another, while the king, queen, and ST. AUGUSTINE go out together.*]

+ + +

Teacher. "Can any one tell me what a martyr is?"

Bobby. "Them red things what father grows" (*true*).

+ + +

Customer. "When I bought this dog you said it was splendid for rats. Why, the dog won't go near one."

Dog dealer. "Well, that's splendid for the rats, isn't it?"

+ + +

Two men met in the street and commenced talking about their dogs. "Mine is very intelligent," said one. "He actually tore up a book which recommended some nasty medicines for dogs." "That's nothing," was the reply. "Mine stood barking at a door because 'A. Partridge' was written on it."

+ + +

A MINISTER went to preach in a strange church, but preached a very short sermon. After the service was over he apologized to one of the elders for the shortness of his sermon, saying that his little dog had run off with some pages of his notes just as he was leaving home. The elder said,—

"Don't apologize in the least, sir; but do you think you could send our minister one of that dog's pups?"

+ + +

JOHNSON went into the tobacconist's for some cigarettes. After paying for them, he said to the man behind the counter,—

"By the way, you gave me a bad shilling for my change yesterday."

"Impossible," said the tobacconist. "I have never taken or given a bad shilling during all the years I have been in the trade."

"You certainly gave me one," said Johnson.

"But, my dear chap," said the other, "with twenty years' experience of handling money, I can tell at once by the touch of a coin whether it is good or bad. Instinct, my boy. At any rate, I suppose you managed to get rid of it all right?"

"Oh, yes," said Johnson, "I have just given it to you for the cigarettes!"



TRY THESE WITH THE BRUSH ONLY.

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Our Competitions

Rules for Competitors

COMPETITORS *must* attend to the following rules:—

1. Subject to the age limits, you may enter for any or all of the competitions, but you must attach to your answers one Competition Form cut from the back page of the cover of the current number of the paper. It must be filled up as directed.

2. A Competition Form *must be attached to one of the papers sent in by each competitor.* Other competitions entered must have the name, address, and age of the sender written distinctly upon them.

3. Care should be taken with *writing and neatness*, as these will be taken into consideration in judging all competitions.

4. Address your answers to "Editress," *Children's Paper*, c/o Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Parkside Works, Edinburgh.

5. No answers received later than **March 21** will be considered.

[We rely upon you to send in your own unaided work.]

Competitions for March

For all Ages up to Fifteen

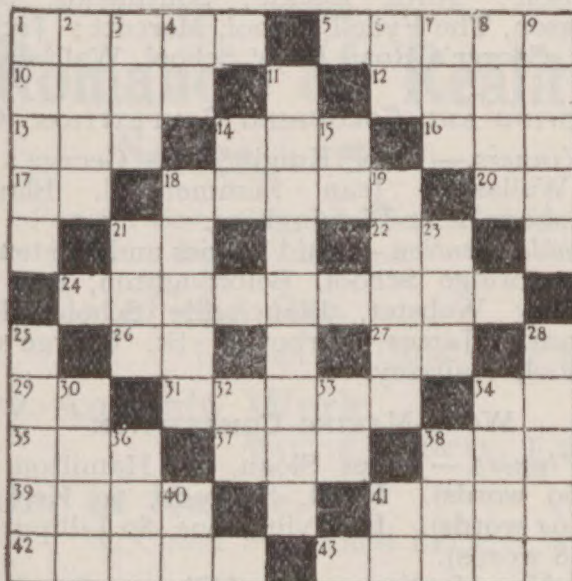
ESSAY COMPETITION

Write a short essay telling the experiences of a child who was lost.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A)

Make a drawing of the kind of room you would like to have as your own, and colour it with water-colours or chalks.

CROSS WORD PUZZLE



ACROSS

- | | |
|------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1. Green spot in the desert. | 18. Conference on social problems. |
| 5. Bird. | 20. Holy (abbreviated). |
| 10. Want. | 21. Interjection. |
| 12. Affectation. | 22. Member of the Royal Academy. |
| 13. Electrical particle. | 24. Returning from time to time. |
| 14. Jewel. | 26. All correct. |
| 16. Assembled. | |
| 17. Preposition. | |

ACROSS

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|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 27. Shillings and pence. | 37. Part of the verb "to be." |
| 29. Proposition. | 38. To doze. |
| 31. Naval battle with the French. | 39. Prevaricator. |
| 34. Beside. | 41. Tract of land. |
| 35. Foot of an animal. | 42. Church office-bearer. |
| | 43. Town in Italy. |

DOWN

- | | |
|---------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Vegetable. | 19. Water-plant. |
| 2. Period of time. | 21. Constellation. |
| 3. Japanese coin. | 23. Also. |
| 4. Contraction of "I would." | 25. Tree. |
| 6. Pronoun. | 28. Mythological serpent. |
| 7. Intention. | 30. Part of an animal. |
| 8. Term used in Roman Calendar. | 32. Note in sol-fa. |
| 9. European race. | 33. Pronoun. |
| 11. Exodus. | 34. Obstruction. |
| 14. To move. | 36. Compact mass. |
| 15. Pronoun. | 38. Conjunction. |
| 18. Fowls. | 40. With reference to. |
| | 41. University degree. |

For Children under Twelve only

COMPOSITION COMPETITION

Suppose you had to leave this country. Write a short composition saying which other country you would most like to stay in, and give your reasons why.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B)

Make a drawing of a box of paints, and colour it with water-colours or chalks.

HIDDEN GEMS

Each of the following sentences contains the name of a precious stone—*e.g.*, We have lost little Fido. **Pa** left him in New York. *Ans.* Opal. When you have found the gems, write a sentence describing the appearance of each one.

1. Friend, I am on duty till eight o'clock.
2. Have you read Pictures from Peru by Harold Hamilton?
3. That rabbit has a lop ear. Look at him.
4. Did you see that beggar nettled because he was not allowed in?
5. That boy with the school bag ate three of our pears.
6. Did you see me, Raldstone, at the railway station?
7. Can you find St. Elmo on Stone's map?
8. He had a most wearisome journey from Cuzco to Paz.
9. That man is notorious for his snobbery. Let us avoid him.
10. At this juncture the Raja declared war on the neighbouring state.

For Children under Ten only

LETTER COMPETITION

Write a letter to the Editress telling her how you like to spend Saturday.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C)

Make a drawing of a bunch of primroses, and colour it with water-colours or chalks.

Motto Competition

All readers may enter this competition. A Book Prize will be given for the motto which is published in the paper. Each motto should have the name of the author from whom the quotation is taken.

Prize List for January

ESSAY COMPETITION

[With two exceptions every entrant in this competition would choose to be clever rather than rich. In almost every case, however, the only object in being clever seems to be in order to become rich! I wonder which you really wish!—THE EDITRESS.]

Prize-Winners.—William Waterworth, National School, Adlington, Lancs. Sheila Morris, 24 Victoria Road, Walton-le-Dale, Preston. Ivy Bicknell, 459 North End Road, Fulham, London, S.W.6. Evelyn Jones, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington, Lancs.

Honourable Mention.—Doris Mildred Snell and N. Roper, The Southfield School, S.W.18; Marjorie James, St. Maughans, near Monmouth; Pauline Wylde, Blanchville School, Rubery; Nellie Currell and Peggy Stokes, St. Dominic's School, Harpenden; A. Macfarlane, Bearsden, near Glasgow; Ethel Atkinson and Florence Green, Worsthorne, near Burnley; Muriel Jephtha and Grace Townsend, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington; Thomas Fairbrother, National School, Adlington.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A)

Prize-Winners.—Henry G. Short, Belmore Lane, Lymington, Hants. George Boyd Crawford, 6 Geneva Road, Wallasey. Albert Waters, National School, Adlington, Lancs.

Honourable Mention.—John Charnock, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington; Ernest Mottershead, The Southfield School, S.W.18; John Perry, Greenock; R. G. Clough, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington; Alfred McDonald, Greenisland; Jack Fairhurst, National School, Adlington; Douglas Bywater, St. George's Road Boys' School, Wallasey; Victor Frederick Harris, The Southfield School, S.W.18; Joseph Warrender, St. Mark's School, Connah's Quay.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE

The names of the rivers are as follows: *Tweed, Tees, Dart (Arrow or Axe), Barrow, Aire, Dee (Exe or Wye), Forth, Don, Bann, Parret (Dove or Lark), Erne (or Earn), Foyle.*

The following sent in all the correct answers, and the spelling was also correct:

Prize-Winners.—Elsie G. Malloch, 36 Craighouse Avenue, Edinburgh. Muriel Murdoch, 9 Westmoreland Street, Crosshill, Glasgow. Fred Shanks, 15 Malone Road, Belfast.

Honourable Mention.—Hilda McIlwaine, Armagh; George W. Thompson, Newtownards; Grizel Berthwick, Edinburgh; Betty Mackay, Ilford; Lily Anderson, Urney, Co. Tyrone; Daisy Dorman, Larne; Pauline M. Edwards, Gloucester; Matthew Stevenson, Chapelhall; Robert Irving and Eliza Valentine, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington; Hilda Stow, The Southfield School, S.W.18; Tom Ball, National School, Adlington; Mary Templeton, Newmilns; Dorothy Gilbertson, Sheffield; Willie Mitchell, Cregagh, Belfast; Stella Margaret Smith, Banbury.

VERSE COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Muriel Earls, Earlsdale, 31 Ravenhill Park, Belfast. Maurice Broad, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

Honourable Mention.—Maud Spratt, Belfast; Vera A. Smith, Walthamstow; Alice St. John, Walthamstow; Alice Leach, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B)

Prize-Winners.—Nelson Williams, St. George's Boys'

School, Wallasey. Philip Tyler, The Fydeil School, Morcott. Sheila F. Ogilvie, The Manse, Stewarton, Ayrshire.

Honourable Mention.—John Sagar, Worsthorne Council School, near Burnley; R. Irving, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington; Jack Armstrong, St. George's Boys' School, Wallasey; George Crook, Fydeil School, Morcott.

JUMBLED TOWNS

The towns contained in the jumbled letters were as follows:—1. Manchester; 2. Southampton; 3. Bournemouth; 4. Middlesbrough; 5. Cardiff; 6. Plymouth; 7. London; 8. Carlisle; 9. Birmingham; 10. Leeds; 11. Lancaster; 12. Liverpool; 13. Glasgow; 14. Edinburgh; 15. Dundee; 16. Inverness; 17. Ayr; 18. Dumfries; 19. Berwick; 20. Elgin; 21. Stornoway; 22. Paisley; 23. Dunoon; 24. Kirriemuir.

The following found all the right answers and spelt them correctly:

Prize-Winners.—Muriel Danby, 6 Highbury Terrace, Halstead, Essex. Lena Reilly, 87 Deramore Avenue, Belfast. Sidney Gilchrist, 7 Heythorp Street, Southfields, S.W.18.

Honourable Mention.—George C. Malloch, Edinburgh; Hilda Jeffrey, Corstorphine; Zoë Ethel Stericker, Cobham, Surrey; Frank Middleton, Glasgow; Eric Winter, The Southfield School, S.W.18; Jean Dorle, Newmilns; May Anderson, Londonderry; Eileen Duncan, Caledon, Co. Tyrone; Alex. McIlwaine, Belfast; Dorothy Taylor, Brook Farm, Newent; John Hall Nicol, Edinburgh; Vera Addis, Gorsley; Jack Bell, Belfast; Betty Mackay, Ilford; James Dickson, Inverness; Reggie Cookson, Hesketh Bank, near Preston; Sam Leitch, Castle-derg, Co. Tyrone; Meta Martin, Keady, Co. Armagh.

LETTER COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Kenneth Riley, The Fydeil School, Morcott. Elsie Shoesmith, 17 Ambrose Place, Worthing.

Honourable Mention.—James Harbottle, St. George's Road Boys' School, Wallasey; May Webster, Rubery, Birmingham; Margaret Skinner, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Ruth Luckin, Southfields, S.W.18; Leslie Edgson, The Fydeil School, Morcott; Jack Armstrong, St. George's Road Boys' School, Wallasey.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C)

Prize-Winners.—John Knight, St. George's Boys' School, Wallasey. Jean Summerfield, Blanchville School, Rubery, near Birmingham.

Honourable Mention.—Enid Davies and Austen Hadgkiss, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge; May Webster, Blanchville School, Rubery, Birmingham; James Harbottle, St. George's Road Boys' School, Wallasey.

WORD-MAKING COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—James Sloan, 20 Hamilton Street, Paisley (69 words). R. H. Simpson, 60 Keir Street, Glasgow (62 words). F. Livingstone, 80 Lilliput Street, Belfast (58 words).

Honourable Mention.—Ada Wilson, Caledon, Co. Tyrone; Nancy Rigley, Paisley; Herbert Godley, Chailey, Sussex; Hugh McDowell, Newtownards; Alex. W. Laurie, Shawlands, Glasgow; Winifred M. Jeffrey, Corstorphine; Leslie Edgson, The Fydeil School, Morcott; Betty Dodds, Glendevon; George Carmichael, Edinburgh; W. H. Cross, South Shields; Maud Graham, Omagh; James Wilcock, Burnley; Muriel McDowell, Belfast; Jessie Holm, Inverurie; Bevil Packer, Mitcham; Enid Davies and Margaret Skinner, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; David McLean, Newtownards.



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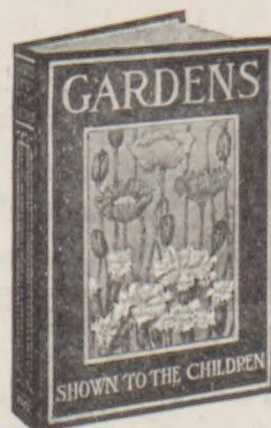
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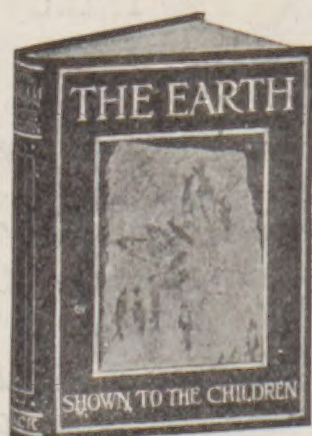
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